Wichita Eagle

HE PUTS THE SHOT

John D. McPherson, the Champion of the World.

HOW HE DOES HIS FINE WORK.

Malcolm W. Ford Describes His Manner of Performing—Not a Large Man, but Full of Muscle and Very Quick—A Challenge Out for Currie.

The illustration shows John D. McPherson, the great shot putter, as he stands ready to perform his favorite game. He is not an unusually muscled man, but he is very strong. His height is 5 feet 11 inches, and his weight as the picture shows him is 175 pounds. He has just issued a challenge to put with any man in the world different weight shots. There is little probability that any one outside of Currie will take up the challenge, and it is generally understood that McPherson intends his bold defi especially for his big rival.

McPherson is without doubt the most wonderful man in the world at putting the shot for his weight. George R. Gray, the amateur, is considered a phenomenon, but he weighs a little more than McPherson and is not so good. McPherson has been attracting a great deal of attention lately on account of his great ability and his comparatively small size. He is nothing but sinew from head to foot, and his motions when delivering the shot are very quick. McPherson, being both quick and strong, combines qualities that many can never hope to have, and his style at the game is perfection.

JOHN D. M'PHERSON.

His position in the picture is assumed just previous to taking a hop. A 7 foot 6 inch run is allowed in putting the shot and McPherson starts with his right foot against one of the lines. Amateurs are allowed only a 7 foot run. McPherson in delivering the shot raises his left foot suddenly and hops forward with his right, landing with his left foot at the other line and his right foot about in the middle of the two lines, which leaves his feet about 3 feet 6 inches apart. He lands, on that hop, in just about the attitude that the picture shows him, except that his shoulders may be a little further down. With a violent movement of his waist and right leg he raises his whole body, turns his right shoulder around at the same time and shoots his right arm out. The jumping movement with his legs is followed by their exchanging positions, for in throwing his right side around he lands with his right foot to the mark, his left foot back and his right side forward. He follows the shot as far as possible with his arm without getting too much of an overbalance and falling over the mark. All of these motions are done simultaneously and he goes through them so evenly and rapidly that one can hardly realize that he is doing so many things at once.

McPherson made a trial with different weights of shots, and although most of them were lighter than they were thought at first to be, as found by a test afterwards, the performances are the best that have yet been done so far as actual merit in shot putting is concerned. His 50 feet ¾ inch performance with the 12 pound shot is the best professional record in the world, and his 40 feet 11¼ inches with the 20 pound shot is also the best in the world. These are his two greatest records, but he has come within a shade of the best records in all weights from 12 up to 24 pounds, and it is universally considered that Currie is the only man in the world who can give him a competition. MALCOLM W. FORD.

Jersey City's First Base.

CHARLES I. DOOLEY.

Charles I. Dooley, who played first base on Manager Mutrie's New York team for a short time before the season commenced, has signed to play first base for the Jersey City club, and he will play it well. He is a college graduate. He was born in Paterson, N. J., and is 24 years old. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. He was a member of the Hamilton college team when it won the New York state intercollegiate championship. In 84-85 he played with the Columbus (Ga.) team, in 86 at Wilmington, Del., and in 87 was the manager and captain of the Galvestons. Last season he played first base for the Oakland (Cal.) team, and held a high place in the batting record of the California League. He is temperate in his habits, and keeps himself in fine condition all the year around. As a fielder he is a sure catch of fly balls, and throws well to bases.

He Could Sleep Beside It.

"Is he fond of work?" was the inquiry that Binks made of Banks concerning a young man who had applied for employment.

"Fond of it? I should say so. I never saw a man who could take such good care of work as he does. One piece of work will last him for a week."—Washington Star.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

A Collection of Fugitive Facts and Out of the Ordinary Information.

Chambers' Journal is credited with the following in regard to working hours in foreign countries:

A Turkish working day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and repose. In Montenegro the day laborer begins work between 5 and 6 in the morning, knocks off at 8 for half an hour, works on till noon, rests until 2, and then labors on until sunset. This is in summer. In winter he commences work at 7:30 or 8, rests from 12 to 1, and works uninterruptedly from that time to sunset. In Portugal from sunrise to sunset is the usual length of the working day. With field laborers and workmen in the building trade the summer working day begins at 4:30 or 5 in the morning and ends at 7 in the evening, two or three hours' rest being taken in the middle of the day. In winter the hours are from 7:30 to 5, with a shorter interval of repose. In manufactories the rule is twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, with one hour and a half allowed for meals.

Eleven hours is the average day's labor in Belgium, but brewers' men work from 10 to 17 hours; brickmakers, 16; the cabinet makers of Brussels and Ghent are often at work 17 hours a day; tramway drivers are on duty from 15 to 17 hours, with 1 1-2 hours off at noon; railway guards sometimes know what it is to work 19 1-2 hours at a stretch. The normal workday throughout Saxony is 13 hours, with 2 hours allowance for meal taking. In Baden the medium duration of labor is from 10 to 12 hours; but in some cases it far exceeds this. In Russian industrial establishments the difference in the working hours is something extraordinary, varying from 6 to 20.

Most Perfect Tree in the United States.

Garden and Forest is authority for the statement that one of the most perfect trees in the United States stands behind the old Drayton manor house, on the Ashley river, not very far from Charleston, S. C. It is a live oak. The trunk girths, at five feet from the ground, nearly twenty-five feet, and the main branches, which shoot out at right angles from the trunk at the height of ten feet above the ground, have a spread of one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty feet, and form a dense, symmetrical, flat head of indescribable beauty and impressiveness. There are larger live oaks to be seen, but it is rare to find one of the age and size of the Drayton tree of such perfect shape and in such good health. There is nothing about the tree to indicate very great age, and as it is a well known fact that the live oak grows in good soil with extreme rapidity, it is not improbable that the two centuries during which the Drayton family have occupied the manor house may cover the span of its existence.

Queer Names.

The London registry of births furnishes some odd things in the way of names. Children of the families of Bath, Lamb, Jordan, Dew, Dear and Smith are christened respectively Foot, Pascal, River, Morning, Offspring and Smith Follows. Mr. Cox called his son Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo. Mr. Jewett, a noted huntsman, named his Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward. A mortal that was evidently unwelcome is recorded as "One Too Many." Another of the same sort is "Not Wanted James." Children of six to ten names are frequent, but probably the longest name in the world, longer than that of any potentate, is attached to the child of Arthur Pepper, laundryman. The name of his daughter, born in 1883, is Anna Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis (sic) Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus Pepper—one title precisely for every letter in the alphabet.

A Railroad on the Tree Tops.

It is hardly known outside of the immediate neighborhood, but it is a fact, says Golden Days, that in Sonoma county, California, there is a railroad unique in construction. In the upper part of the county named, near the coast, may be seen an actual roadbed in the tree tops.

Between the Clipper mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned two huge redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. These giants have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek.

This natural tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for safety and security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.

Vermont Nearly Joined Canada.

The Pall Mall Gazette has this item of historical interest: "Somebody grubbing among the Canadian state papers in the buildings of the dominion parliament has come upon letters which amount to an important historical discovery. It seems that at that eventful period in our colonial history, when Cornwallis was beleaguered at Yorktown by French and American armies and a French fleet, just before the capitulation which struck the death blow of the English cause in the United States, Vermont, the Union state which bordered the Canadian frontier, was on the very point of joining Canada."

Long Lived Birds.

The swan is the longest lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 102 years old. The following samples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterwards, in 1819; a white headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity.

Stamped Envelopes.

Embossed stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers of several denominations, dyes and colors are kept on sale at postoffices, singly and in quantities, at a small advance on the postage rate. The postoffice department now issues a combined letter sheet and envelope of the denomination of two cents. The prices are as follows: One, three cents; two, five cents; five, twelve cents; ten, twenty-three cents; 100, $2.30; 1,000, $20.

The Highest Telegraph Office in the World.

In the Sikkim expedition a telegraph office was opened which, according to The Sun, enjoys the distinction of being the highest in the world. It is situated at Bhutong, at an altitude of 13,500 feet, nearly 2 3-4 miles above the level of the sea.

An electric flatiron is one of the latest applications of electricity to the affairs of domestic life.

Magnanimous.

Tenant—Landlord, our house wall on one side has sprung out about ten feet.

Landlord—Make yourself easy. Although it probably renders the house that much bigger, do not fear; I will not raise the rent on you.—Fliegende Blatter.

Striking a Trail.

She—I hear that Mr. Smoothbore is a great mimic. They say he can take off anything.

He—That explains it. I wondered where my umbrella had gone.—Clothier and Furnisher.

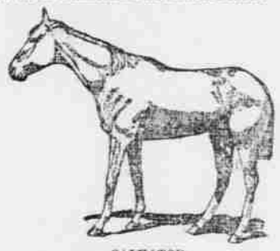
THE COMING RACES

Tenny and Salvator, Two of the Season's Favorite Runners.

THEIR CHANCES FOR BIG PURSES.

They Are Both in Fine Form and Great Things Are Expected of Them—Magnificent Money Awaits the Winners of the Great Events.

Salvator and Tenny are two horses that the public is expecting great things of in the Suburban handicap. As to the merits of these thoroughbreds it is hard to discriminate. True it is that Salvator gave Tenny thirteen pounds and beat him in the Realization stakes in 1889, but it is also true that the race was a very close one, and many thought that Tenny had won. The fact remains, however, that Salvator was giving him weight, and consequently should be considered the better horse.



SALVATOR.

Tenny never looked better in his life than he does this year. He has had excellent care during the winter, and plainly shows its benefit. His owner, Mr. David T. Pulsifer, knows that his horse is today in better shape than ever before, and has consequently backed him heavily, with the result of making him a favorite, with odds of 8 to 1 against him. Some of the veteran turfites like him better for the Toboggan handicap than for the Suburban, however. Tenny had a hard season of it during 1889, and the desperate effort he made in that great race for the first special at Gravesend last autumn would have ended the turf career of many another horse.

Salvator did not run many races during 1889, probably because he was a difficult colt to train. As a 3-year-old he won $17,590, of which $2,725 was won by being second in the Futurity. If he had won that great prize, for which he was beaten only a neck, his victories for '89 would have yielded his owner $38,000 more, or over $55,000 for the year. As a 2-year-old Salvator was undoubtedly the best out.

There are more race horses in training now than there ever were before at this time of the year. There is more money offered for them to win this season than there ever has been in a single season in the United States. The Elizabeth association gives away say $75,000; the Linden, $50,000; the Brooklyn Jockey club at its first meet, $90,000; the Coney Island Jockey club, $95,000; the New York Jockey club at its first meet, $104,000, and the Monmouth Park, $225,000. Later on the same clubs offer: The Coney Island Jockey club, $92,000; the Brooklyn, $86,000; the New York, $95,000; the Elizabeth, $65,000, and the Linden, $65,000! The aggregate of these sums is over a million and a quarter of money.

Many of the richest men in the United States make money out of racehorses and race tracks. Among them are W. K. Vanderbilt, owner of the Coney Island Jockey club; William Scott and the Dwyers, who control the Brooklyn Jockey club. A. J. Cassatt and Mr. Withers, who have between them $8,000,000, own the Monmouth track, and John A. Morris, the owner of

TENNY.

the New York club course, is rated at $20,000,000. Senator Hearst, one of the richest men in the country, is an owner of blooded horses.

"Rad," the Pet of the Bean Eaters.

Charles Radbourn has been a professional ball tosser for nine seasons. He is now playing with the Boston Brotherhood team, and is twisting the ball out of shape to the enjoyment of the bean eaters. "Rad" has always been their pet and favorite pitcher, probably because he can always be relied upon to pitch a steady and creditable game. When anything goes wrong in the pitcher's box the cry instantly goes up:

CHARLES RADBOURN.

"Bring on 'Rad;' we can't lose with him in the game." "Rad" is a peculiar fellow personally. He is called a crank by many, but at the same time these very ones admit that he is a thorough good fellow. This statement, though apparently paradoxical, is quite true. With managers and umpires he is seldom able to get along. Possibly this is due to the fact that his own estimation of his value and importance is not always shared by them, for it must be admitted that Charles Radbourn sometimes is afflicted with what is known in common language as the swelled head. However, all this does not detract from his ability as a pitcher, for when he does "let himself out" there is some excuse for his vanity.

Nelly Farren, the bright particular star of the London Gaiety company, is turned 30 years old, and she doesn't mind saying so.

An Important Item Overlooked.

Corker—My fortune's made, old boy. I've discovered a sure cure for rheumatism in ten leaves!

Wentman (dubiously)—I see. But how are you going to tell when they've got the rheumatism?

Corker—They? Who?

Wentman—Why, the ten leaves!—Amer.

A Cry for Help.

"Murder!"

The tone broke out, loud and clear, from the musical enthusiast, invited along with a lot of others, to hear the piano performance in Wigmer of the host's fair daughter.

"What is it? Where do you mean?"

"I was merely referring to the young lady's execution."—Philadelphia Times.

A CURIOUS NEWSPAPER.

New York Boasts a Journal Devoted to the Nihilistic Movement.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 5.—A curious newspaper is The Znamia (Banner), of New York. It is interesting because it is the only paper in the country which is printed in Russian, and though published in New York, it deals not with American news nor the general foreign news of the day, but is devoted to the doctrines of the Nihilists. In 1887 The Naradnaya Wolia (The Will of the People) was suppressed in Geneva, and a goodly portion of the type of that magazine was brought over to New York, and with it was started The Znamia.

TITLE OF THE ZNAMIA.

The entire circulation of this paper is 1,300, of which 800 are subscribed for by the Russian refugees in America and the remainder are distributed among the Nihilists resident in Russia and among their exiled brethren in the different cities of Europe, the true intention of the publishers being to provide a secret corresponding medium for the members of the party (Naradnaya Wolia) which we know as Nihilists. And many of the articles which appear weekly are from men—even now residing in the dominions of the czar—who, in some cases, permit their names to be published at the risk of transportation to Siberia.

When I saw the editor of the paper this morning he informed me that a certain B. M., a corresponding Nihilist, whose letter appeared in the issue of March 9, has been seized and exiled to the mines in Siberia for his contribution to this modest little paper.

If the czar's officials happened to find in the mails a copy of The Znamia addressed to any individual in St. Petersburg or elsewhere in Russia that discovery, of itself, would render the addressee liable to a never ending espionage if not arrest.

How do the publishers manage to insure the distribution of the sheet in Russia? I asked the editor this question and he informed me that no copies are sent from New York direct. They are mailed to Paris, London and other cities where the refugees have established themselves; and from there, by various secret methods, which he declined to explain, they are carried into Russia.

Before the Zurich explosion last fall, after which the members of the Naradnaya Wolia were expelled from Switzerland, the greater part of the issue of The Znamia was transferred to Russian correspondents through the Nihilists of Geneva. Now the transmission is not so easy. A weekly distribution being almost an impossibility, it has been decided to reorganize the publication and issue it monthly in magazine form, but under the same title.

The courteous editor assured me that, notwithstanding the almost superhuman endeavors of the czar's officials to suppress correspondence between the members of the Naradnaya Wolia, he is in constant communication with Nihilists both in Russia and Siberia. ROB F. WALSH.

TWO NOTABLE WOMEN.

A Former Mistress of the White House and the Duchess of Marlborough.

[Special Correspondence.]

TROY, N. Y., May 5.—Two notable women walked down Third street the other afternoon enjoying the soft April sunshine. One was the Duchess of Marlborough, nee Price, who was born, educated and married in this city, and who made a flying visit to her old home before returning to Blenheim castle, England. The other was Mrs. John E. McElroy, sister of the late President Arthur, and a former mistress of the White House. Mrs. McElroy's home is in the adjacent city of Albany, but she has many friends here and is a familiar figure on our thoroughfares. The two figures are fine types of true American womanhood. Beautiful, refined, generous and educated, they both reflect credit on the better side of our social life.

MRS M'ELROY.

Mrs. McElroy is a striking example of Malvolio's famous observation. She had greatness suddenly thrust upon her, and she readily achieved greatness by the exquisite tact, taste and kindliness of her womanly nature. Think of a woman with a desire and love for domesticity taken suddenly from the seclusion of her modest home to preside over the social government of the greatest power on earth! Think of a quiet little home body becoming the first lady of the land in an hour, and presiding over the most elegant administration socially this country has known, with such delicate dignity and charm that the wearers of the purple, the nobles of foreign countries, the ministers and the legations paid her deferential homage, and the country gloried in this woman of the people, this unfashionable lady who understood the true significance of noblesse oblige. She still retains her charm of manner and her physical beauty.

A few years ago Mrs. McElroy, the young wife, and Mrs. Hammersly, the young widow, or Miss Price, the young spinster, were known only within the borders of Albany and Troy society. Since then they have attained social eminence in two continents. F. W. W.

In the Same Boat.

"Look here," said Charley Cashing to his tailor, "these trousers that you made for me are getting shorter all the time."

"Well," replied the tailor laconically, "so am I."—Washington Post.

Saint-Saens' latest opera, "Assanio," has created a veritable sensation in Paris.

A Regular Walk Over.

Silby—Well, Squiggs, what success did you have in Willowsville?

Squiggs—A regular walk over. Missed my train and had to foot it the whole way.—Burlington Free Press.

POINTS ON CAMPING OUT.

INFORMATION VALUABLE TO SPORTSMEN BY AN OLD HUNTER.

The Wrong and the Right Way to Choose a Camp Site—Other Things as Important as Water—Improvised Places of Shelter—How to Make a Fire.

To know how to choose the best possible site for a camp is one of the most important parts of a sportsman's education. There are many old time woodsmen and professional guides who are sadly lacking in this faculty, and I have seen civil engineers, geologists and other learned men act like boys 10 years old when they attempted to choose a camping spot. Other men choose camp sites by what appears to be inspiration. They seem to know at a glance what is the best spot in a given section of country and never have to think twice to decide where to locate. This faculty cannot be acquired by reading books—it is innate, like poetic genius; and yet there are certain general directions that may be given and that, if followed, will greatly aid the student of camp lore.

Weather permitting, always pitch your camp on high ground. The top of a ridge is usually best, or, if this is too high for convenience, select a level bench on the side of a hill. The inclination to camp near the water is always strong in every man's mind, and if the weather and the shape and nature of the ground are such as to warrant it, it is pleasant to lie awake at night and hear the brook babble, the river roll or the waves wash on the pebbly beach; but frequently the ground is damp on the creek or river bottom, whence miasmatic vapors will arise, or there is there a rank growth of weeds that give off noxious odors.

If the time be summer the mosquitoes are likely to be much worse at the water's edge than further away, and, in either case, it is better to camp well up the hill, carry what water you must use and do without the aqueous music.

Again, if your camp be pitched on the bank of a western stream, you may go to bed at night dry as toast and wake up before morning to find yourself and your whole outfit being carried down the valley on the bosom of a flood that has come from a cloud burst.

Always fill your canteens or casks at any water you pass during the day, and then you will be prepared for any such emergency.

A party going into the woods and expecting to remain for several weeks in one place, especially in late autumn and winter, may find it necessary to build a log cabin. The limits of the present article will not admit of my going into a discussion of this subject.

As to temporary shelters other than cabins and tents, there are a great many styles known to woodsmen, many of which may be made decidedly comfortable, and with but little labor. If possible, a piece of canvas or drilling should always be carried along, large enough to form at least the roof of a lodge; but where this is impossible, dirt, bark, rushes or flags may be used to good advantage.

A temporary open shanty, capable of sheltering four men, may be made of thirty-six poles, eight feet long and about six inches in diameter. These are notched and laid up in the form of an open square, the independent ends being held in place by four posts planted in the ground at the proper places, and each pair held together at the top by ropes or withes. Other poles are then laid as close together as possible over the top, and covered with a foot of dirt or with green cedar or elm bark, or it may be thatched with straw, grass, rushes or flags. If either of these are used the roof should have a steep pitch and the thatch put on to a depth of six inches or more. It should be lapped on the same plan as shingles are and weighted with heavy green poles, held to the body of the shanty by ropes or withes.

If the weather be cold the cracks between the poles should be stopped with moss, grass or boughs, and by keeping a good log fire burning in front of the open end, and three or four feet away, a party may be comfortable in such a shanty with the mercury at zero.

A brush shelter, usually called a "lean-to," may be made by laying a pole in the forks of two posts, set for the purpose, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, leaning other poles from this to the ground at an angle of about 50 degs. and covering these with cedar or hemlock boughs or bark or by thatching, as in the case of the shanty already described. If either style of roof is put on properly it will shed a heavy rain. The ends may be inclosed with either boughs or bark.

Another form of temporary shelter is made by leaning a pole, ten or twelve feet long, against a large green tree (or by placing the upper end in the fork of a small tree), letting the other rest on the ground, and leaning bark or boughs against it, spreading them so as to make the lodge five or six feet wide at the front end, and tapering to a point at the rear. The fire may be built against the tree on which the pole leans, but care must be taken not to allow it to reach and burn away the ridge pole.

It really requires a good deal of mechanical skill to build a good camp fire.

The way to make a cooking fire is to lay down two green poles, five or six inches thick and two feet long, two or three feet apart, with notches in the upper side about ten or twelve inches apart. These we will call the "dog irons" or "fire irons." Now cut two more poles, six or eight inches thick and about four feet long, and lay them in the notches in your dog irons. Procure a liberal supply of dry wood of some kind, brush, split wood, bark or chips and start your fire on the ground, midway between your dog irons. Your dry wood should extend the length of your forestick and backlog, and the fire will soon spread to either end of these. The air will circulate under and through your fire, and your forestick and backlog are just the right distance apart to set your camp kettle, frying pan and coffee pot on.

If you are going to cook more than one meal in this place it will pay you to put up a crane. This is built as follows: Cut two green sticks, two inches thick and three feet long; drive them into the ground a foot from either end of your fire and split the top end of each with the ax. Then cut another pole of same size and long enough to reach from one of these posts to the other; flatten the ends and insert them in the splits. The posts should be of such height that when this pole is passed through the bail of the camp kettle its bottom will swing just clear of the fire. Now cut a hooked limb that will hang well on the pole, and in the shank of it cut a notch, in which you can insert the bail of the coffee pot, and in such a position that it will also hang near the fire.—G. O. Shields in New York World.

Beware of the Postscript.

When your wife writes a letter all kisses and honey,
Look out for the postscript: "I'm all out of money!" —Pittsburg Bulletin.

Badly Damaged.

There is a little boy in New York who is passionately fond of cats, and while in the country last summer made a great pet of one at the farm house where he was staying. Some of the boys in the neighborhood, in a spirit of wanton cruelty, drowned it in a pond not far from the farm. With great difficulty the little fellow managed to get the cat out, but too late to save its life, and carried it all dripping into his mother's room. "Oh, mamma!" he gasped out between his sobs, "isn't it a dreadful shame! It was a perfectly good cat, and now it's all stoned!"—Chatter.

TWO BIG FISH.

A Monster Tarpon and the Biggest Salmon Trout Ever Caught.

The tarpon is the king of game fish. When a fisherman hooks one of these playful creatures he strikes a veritable Tartar, beside whom even the shark is a weak and insignificant nobody. This fish is caught most frequently in the bays and harbors of

TARPON WEIGHING 141¾ POUNDS.

the Florida coast, the Gulf of Mexico and the western Atlantic. In Georgia he is called the "Jew fish," in Texas "the Savanilla," and elsewhere the "silver fish" or "silver king." His weight varies from 100 to 150 pounds, and in length he reaches six feet and over. He has a long, bony, needle like projection at the dorsal fin, which is often seen shooting along the surface of the water while the fish is yet invisible.

If one should ever strike your hook, bump yourself and look sharp. You hang on to your pole with a vague feeling that a comet has been let loose. You see a silvery glittering body jump six feet in the air, describe a parabola, and strike the water with a splash that sends the spray high in the air. Then comes a jerk that almost pulls your arms from the sockets, another spring, and still another, and off shoots Mr. Fish. The struggle that tries the nerve, the judgment and the strength of the fisherman is at hand. A succession of lugs and wrenches of the line follows, the great fish dashes madly forward, dragging the

A 5¾ FOOT SALMON TROUT AND A 5 FOOT 8½ INCH MAN.

boat after it like a chip. Time after time he jumps high in the air, opening his immense scythe like jaws and shaking his body violently.

For four or five hours you fight against the monster, and finally, perhaps, have the satisfaction of seeing him turn belly up. These scaly monsters fight to the last breath.

A very fine specimen was caught by a Mr. Frost, of Brooklyn, on March 21, 1889, in the Indian river, Fla. He was three hours in landing him, and then only after a hard tussle. The fish weighed 141¾ pounds and measured 6 feet 2¾ inches in length.

Another notable catch was made by Mr. La Roche, of New York. His fish, however, was not a tarpon. It was a salmon trout, weighing 24½ pounds and was over five feet long. The fish was captured with a trawl, and made such a desperate fight that both of the fisherman's hands were badly blistered before it was landed in the boat. This is claimed to be the largest salmon trout ever caught. The fish was landed without the aid of a gaff, pistol or stick.

In making the illustration of the latter fish the artist indulged in a wild and picturesque flight of fancy. It is probable that no man living could hold such a fish at arm's length. The artist's idea was to show the relative size of the fish and the man.

SPORTING NOTES.

Quite a number of prominent lawn tennis players are preparing themselves for the championship contests which will take place at Livingston, Staten Island, commencing June 30, on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket club. H. W. Slocum, Jr., the present champion; Howard Taylor and O. S. Campbell are among those who have already commenced work. Several English players have written to the secretary of the Tennis association of this country that they intend taking part in this great event.

William O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, who recently arrived in Australia for the purpose of rowing some of the famous oarsmen there for the world's championship, is not meeting with success in accomplishing his object. Many opinions in this country are that neither Matttson nor Kemp, who rowed there on April 23 for the world's championship, can give O'Connor much of a fight. They are, however, steering clear of the venturous American.

Alfredo De Oro, the pyramid pool champion of America, when questioned concerning how he considers John Roberts, of England, compared with the American experts, said that the choice Roberts uses in playing the "spot barred" billiard game of England tends to develop an American pool stroke. "I have never seen Roberts play, but he must be a good one judging by the anxiety he shows to get on a match with some of us. However, he will not come until next fall, which will give us plenty of time to review the situation."

The slight signs of complaint which western oarsmen showed just after the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen announced the choosing of Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass., for the holding of the annual championship regatta have about disappeared and many amateur rowing men west of the Alleghanys say that they are satisfied.

The Italian opera season just ended in New York was financially successful—something that can be said of few preceding ones.

How to Get Good Tenderloin Steak.

"Jakey," said the proprietor of a Tenth avenue restaurant, calling his head waiter aside, and giving him a package of raw meat, "ere's a bargain."

"Wot is it?"

"Steaks. They was too tough for a butcher on Washington street to handle, so I bought 'em to work off on the trade."

"Wottle we do for tenderloins?" inquired the dish manipulater, doubtfully.

"Give de steaks to de cook, Jakey," replied the proprietor. "Then have a razor edge ground on them yaller handled knives, and when a customer calls for tenderloin, you make de order 'One cross grain wid de yaller.' This ain't no place for weak teeth."—New York Tribune.

MICHAEL J. SLATTERY.

A Well Known Baseball Player Who Plays with the New York Players' Team.

Michael J. Slattery is a New England boy and was born twenty-four years ago in South Boston, the cradle of more baseball players than any other locality. He com-

MICHAEL J. SLATTERY.

menced his baseball career when about 18 years old as a member of Murnan's Boston team of the Union association. During the season of '85 he played with the Biddefords, '86 with the Haverhills, '87 with the Torontos, of the International league, and in '88 made his bow before a New York crowd, having been signed by Manager Mutrie. At first he did not make a very good showing, but after a few months of good training he commenced to develop into a splendid fielder, a first class base runner, hard hitter and, in general, an A1 player. He is nearly six feet tall, of magnificent proportions, and carries his weight of 190 pounds with such grace as to make his fellow players green with envy. Aside from his fielding, which is well nigh faultless, he excels at the bat and is the dread of many a pitcher on account of his ability to make a long hit or a sacrifice when it is wanted. Last year he was unfortunate in the way of accidents and was obliged to lay off at inopportune times. This year, however, as a member of the New York Brotherhood team, he hopes to play his position of fielder regularly, and will probably give a good account of himself.

ATHLETIC DRIFT.

John Owen, Jr., the American 100 and 220 yard amateur champion sprinter, has commenced practice for the big games in the spring and summer. He has ample facilities for training at his home in Detroit, Mich, for the fine grounds of the Detroit Athletic club are near his home.

George Estes, the well known amateur half mile runner of Chicago, who ran so many fast races several seasons ago, says that his business interests prevent his training and that the probabilities are he will never run another race. His business keeps him on the road the greater part of the year. He has beaten 2 minutes and 3 seconds for half a mile.

Vanderbilt university, of Nashville, Tenn., contains some very good athletes and is considerably ahead of other western institutions in encouraging athletic sports. F. R. Fogg, who holds a record for the running high jump of 5 feet 10 inches, hails from there, and Dr. A. H. Brundage made the world's record in the university gymnasium for bar vaulting, 7 feet 7 inches.

F. Webster, the winner of the recent Sheffield, Eng., handicap, is 24 years old, stands 5 feet 8 inches high and weighs 157 pounds. He was trained by J. Ellis, of Huddersfield. Webster was given 88 1-4 yards start. He won by 2 yards. John Wilkinson was the pistol firer. The American sprinter, H. M. Johnson, was entered and was given 81 1-2 yards start, which shows that he was considered about seven yards faster than Webster. Johnson had no intention of running and has not been in England this year. The nominal distance of the race was 300 yards.

Harry M. Johnson, the well known professional sprinter, who has been ill for some time in San Francisco, Cal., is now fully recovered and instructs the runners of the Olympic Athletic club, of San Francisco, in the art of starting. Several of his impromptu pupils have expressed a wish that he be permanently engaged as trainer. Johnson holds with Harry Bethune the best record, running 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds. He also holds the figures of 10 feet 10¾ inches for a standing broad jump without weights, which is the best authentic performance on record.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 60.

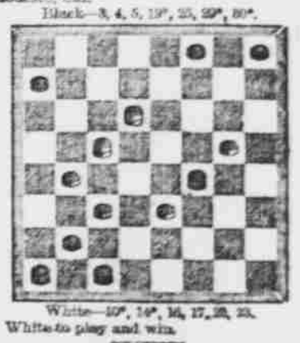
Black.

White.

White to play and mate.

Checker problem No. 60—By W. J. Smith, Modesto, Cal.

Black—3, 4, 5, 19, 25, 29, 30.



White—10, 14, 16, 17, 20, 23.

White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 59, by A. Hannah, Black, 4, 7, 9, 19. White, 1, 17, 22, 32. White to play and win.

White.	Black.
1.. 1 to 6	1.. 9 to 13
2..22 to 18	2..13 to 22
3..28 to 19	3..29 to 25
4.. 6 to 2	4..13 to 22
5.. 2 to 28 and wins.	

Chess problem No. 58, by T. Taverner, Bolton, England. White to play and mate in two moves. Key moves R to 2d.

A Liberal Version.

Clara's Mother (calling)—Clara, Mr. Smithers is in the parlor and says he wants you.

Clara (entering the parlor and throwing herself into Smithers' arms)—Oh, Charles, this is so sudden.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Bit of Extravagance.

Employer—You were not at your work yesterday.

Employe—No, sir; it was a wasted day.

"What were you doing?"

"Getting married, sir."—Chicago Times.